

Christian Secretary.

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"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES."

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Auto-Biography of Rev. Asahel Morse.

[A manuscript under this title, has by our request been placed in our hands, to furnish the materials for a memoir of its author for the columns of the Memorial. It is very full and voluminous, extending to nearly 120 quarto pages, foolscap; and on many topics of a general nature, enlarging to an extent which makes it impracticable for us to insert the whole. The author was led to think much and feel deeply on the subject of religious liberty. The personal sufferings, persecutions and indignities experienced by his honored father, Elder JOSHUA MORSE, whose name and fame have been made familiar to our readers,—were adapted to stir the blood and deeply move the feelings of an affectionate son. We must omit these and some similar topics, not absolutely necessary to the completeness of a biographical sketch of the subject. It has seemed to us particularly desirable to give in full his own account of his religious experience, which is at large spread before us in this memoir of himself. The other portions are abridged so as to bring the whole within reasonable limits.—Bap. Memorial.]

The subject of this narrative was born in the north parish of New London, now called Montville, Conn. on the 10th Nov. 1771. His great grandfather emigrated from the west of England and settled in Newbury, Mass. He served as a chaplain in the first war in which New England was invaded by the French from Canada, and carried to his grave the smarting wounds which he received in battle. When the war was over, persecutions against the Baptists were revived in Massachusetts, which caused him to remove to South Kingston, R. I., where he officiated as a Baptist minister till his death.

His grandfather lived many years in Rhode Island, and his father was born in South Kingston, April 10, 1726. During the great awakening in New England, in the years 1741–42–43, under the preaching of the celebrated Geo. Whitefield, his father was converted at the age of sixteen years. The following year he began preaching as an itinerant. After experiencing much persecution in different places where he preached in Connecticut, he gathered a church in the north parish of New London, and was ordained the 17th May, 1751. He married Susannah Babcock, daughter of Joseph Babcock, of Westerly, R. I., with whom he lived happily for forty-five years. They had eleven children, who all lived to the years of manhood. He died in 1795, in his seventieth year; she fifteen years later, in her eightieth year.

The great distress occasioned by the revolutionary war, induced him to remove from New London to Sandisfield, Mass., where he settled in 1779, gathered a church soon after, and saw it flourish till at the time of his death, it contained about 100 members.

Asahel's narrative here commences in his own words. When my parents and family removed from New London, I was seven years and six months old. I had attended school a part of the time after I was of a suitable age, while I remained in N. London, could read and spell very well for one of my age. Indeed, I cannot remember when I could not read in easy lessons.

My father taught me constantly at home; and such was his attention to his children for their improvement in reading, that I was rarely allowed to sit in the house in his presence, without a book in my hand.

I was very ambitious to excel, and read almost every book which fell in my way, the number of which, however, was small. When I was nine years old, I read Josephus on the wars of the Jews; many events which he related, so impressed my mind, that to this day they are fresh in my memory.

The Bible I read continually, and was able to quote hundreds of passages, book, chapter and verse, from Genesis to Jude. I early imbibed an inveterate opposition to all religious establishments by the laws of men, and the administering of creeds by coercive measures.

At the age of thirteen, my father procured the history of that celebrated circumnavigator's voyage round the world, (Capt. James Cook,) upon which I feasted with delight. At fourteen, I read Salmon's Geography with abundance of pleasure. In succeeding years, geographical books were multiplied. Travellers' and sailors' journals, and histories of all kinds, have ever been a favorite source of instruction to me.

At nineteen years of age, I taught a winter's school, and in the spring went to a school of the higher order, where I learned Algebra, obtained a smattering of Geometry, and looked over some other branches of science.

My anxiety to obtain an education was so great, that I was almost unfitted for anything else. Being blessed with a retentive memory, and with a

thirst for universal knowledge, without means to obtain what many in the circle of my acquaintance possessed, gave me feelings which may be better conceived than expressed.

My first impressions of death, judgment and eternity, the condition I was in as a sinner, and my accountability to God, commenced soon after I entered my tenth year.

I cannot impute the awakening of my mind to any particular circumstance which occurred at that period, or to anything I heard spoken or read; unless it was the Bible which I then read much. I was convinced that I possessed a soul, which would exist when my body should crumble to dust.

The great question with me was, how should I escape the judgment of God in future punishment? I thought I had never loved my Maker as I ought, had never repented of sin with sincerity of heart, nor embraced the truth which I continually heard and read, nor believed in Christ as a Saviour.

The greatest trouble, and that which alarmed me most, was the fear of being left in the darkness and misery in which I sometimes found myself.

My attention being often called to the consideration of my miserable state as a polluted sinner, so impressed my mind by day, that I was harassed with frightful dreams at night—dreaming of being with others in dismal situations, and that they would escape and I could not.

My exercises I endeavored to conceal, but listened attentively to all religious discourse, of which I heard much from my father and others. When alone, I tried to pray in my childish manner. At times those feelings would leave me, and I was thoughtful of my condition for days and weeks. But when they returned upon me, an increase of guilt and more painful sensations would return with them. I felt myself more wretched because I had been unmindful of the worth of my soul, and had not fulfilled the promises I had made.

I remained in much the same way a year and a half;—sometimes stupid and indifferent, and sometimes working hard for life. In the spring and summer of 1782, I was alarmed seemingly, more than I had been before. About this time, northern lights were seen in full splendor; they far exceeded anything of the kind I have ever seen since. The phenomena would appear in the north, and soon overspread the whole horizon.

I was told that there was a natural cause for the appearance, which I thought probable. But reading daily the solemn predictions of Christ, his prophets and apostles, and my mind being deeply impressed, and my conscience alarmed, the vivid displays summoned my attention, and cited my mournful meditations to the day of doom.

One evening, before the day-light was gone, a tremendous blaze appeared in the north, which soon spread over the atmosphere as far as the eye could ken. The appearance over head was like the top of a hot oven. My mind at that time was exceedingly distressed with a sense of my accountability. I thought I had sinned all my days; which way to turn or what to do, I knew not;—miserable I knew I was, and feared that I should be so eternally. In some measure I realized the truth of the text, Ps. 58: 3. *The wicked are estranged from the womb; they go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies.* At the bar of my own conscience I confessed that I had heard many warnings, but had slighted them; many reproofs, but had despised and neglected them; and was like *the deaf adder, that stoppeth her ears; and would not hearken to the voice of the charmers, charming never so wisely.* In melancholy depression and with stings of a guilty conscience, I retired to the chamber and took bed.

Falling into sleep, I dreamed that the day of judgment had come, and I was unprepared to meet the Judge. I thought myself in open air, and could see at a distance in various directions, the world on fire, and the flames ascending. I expected to hear the dreadful trumpet, and see the Judge appear. I seemed to be moving forward involuntarily, with the cutting reflection that I was acquainted with the Bible, that I had a pious praying father, that much had been said to me respecting the salvation of my soul, and the realities of judgment and eternity; but I had set at naught all serious reproof, rejected good counsel, and had never done a good deed in my life, and had lived in sin, in rebellion against God. Now the great day was come, and my doom would be sealed for ever.

My mind and my whole frame were so agitated, that I awoke in great surprise. As soon as I was a little composed, I thought the last day had not come, but felt as if the time of my judgment was come; that I had lived ten years and a half in rebellion against God, and he would bear no longer with me. Such was my distress that it seemed to me I could not live, my breath would leave my body, and my soul drop into hell. As I thought my soul was required, and my breath was departing, my sins appeared to be so heinous in the sight of the Lord, and so much opposed to a holy God, that I was perfectly just that I should die and suffer eternally.

As I felt myself (as I then thought) sinking in the arms of death, with such a sense of the justice of God, that his dealings with me, one of the greatest sinners in the universe as I then felt myself to be, were perfectly right; and I felt to acquiesce in his administration. At that moment the words of an old evangelical poet dropped into my mind, as sweet as the dew of Hermon.

"My sins are very high,
And, sinking into hell,
Free mercy then drew nigh,
And caught me as I fell."

As I felt myself sinking, it seemed as if some invisible hand was put under me, which in a moment took me up from the pit in which I was sinking, removed my load of guilt and woe, filled me with peace and joy, and gave me such a sense of Christ as drew forth the powers of my soul in his praise.

The Lord Jesus appeared so lovely, so infinite in compassion, so boundless in mercy, to one of the vilest, most wicked, and most unworthy creatures on earth, that my mind was deeply absorbed with a sense of his love. I thought of getting up and making my feelings known, but supposed the family were locked up in sleep, and it would not be best to disturb them.

Composed with peace, I dropped into sleep. When I arose in the morning, every thing appeared to me to exhibit a different aspect.

The sun shone with a mildness I had never realized before;—all around me appeared tinged with the glory of the Creator. I heard my father with delight. My desires seemed to rise with his petitions.

The Bible was precious, for it spoke of God, of Christ and Salvation. My own sins, the sins of others, and of nations, were awfully heinous in my view.

Sin appeared "exceeding sinful," because it was against God.

It being the height of the war of the Revolution, when many of our frontier towns were pillaged and burnt, and our citizens wantonly murdered by British barbarity and rapacity, led me to think of the amazing depravity of the human heart. How Great Britain could answer to God, for her devastation and murders, by her armies and by savages, whose tender mercies are cruelities, and whose mode of warfare is indiscriminate destruction of men, women and children, I could not tell; but believed the day of vengeance would come, when God would render to the wicked according to their deeds;—to nations for their national crimes, and to individuals for their personal rebellions. I read the Bible much and thought it was duty to try to pray morning and evening, which I did for about a year; then childish vanities seemed to steal the march of all devotional exercises.

Being naturally self-conceited, self-willed and turbulent, and much given to jesting and vanity, I became vain in my imagination, and my foolish heart was darkened.

I lost the feelings which I thought I had realized, and became careless, stupid, and wicked. The youth around me manifested no concern for their souls, and appeared to have no trouble respecting a future state; and I tried not to have. At times my conscience would be much alarmed, I would make some feeble resolves, but carry none into effect. When I was 15, having read some, and being abundantly furnished with notions, I became a disputer when I thought it would answer.

The way I walked, the company with which I associated, and the passions I was too much disposed to gratify, increased my stupidity and darkness; and I found by woful experience that the way of transgressors is hard.

Whatever consolation I ever enjoyed, was gone, and the little hope with which I was favored for a short season, had seemingly vanished away; and I thought but little about it.

The winter after I was sixteen, a religious excitement commenced, in what was then called Bethlehem (now Otis) the north part of Sandisfield, and south-east part of Tyringham. A little part of the shower reached the neighborhood in which I lived. I believed it was a work of God, though where it first commenced there was evidently great ignorance, and much chaff among the people. Many were brought to a knowledge of the truth; and a new church arose, which was called The 2d Baptist church of Sandisfield. The summer following the winter mentioned above, my mind was very tender, and my feelings often moved; but I could not obtain that concern which I once felt, nor enjoy that peace of mind which I once thought I realized.

My inclination led me to many meetings, and I thought more of gospel doctrine than I ever did before.

Though I had not studied composition, I took it in my head to compose a sermon or two. As time passed away I became careless and vile, and thought more of going into company, and of obtaining an education and a knowledge of the world, than I did of the importance of the religion of Christ.

However, when I was seventeen years old I read Mr. J. Edwards's History of Redemption, which was the first thing that led me to think of the gospel and its doctrine systematically. In my first awakenings, I was, as all unrepentant sinners are, an Arminian.

Arminianism is so deeply rooted in the human heart, that nothing will eradicate it but the power of Divine truth seen and felt in the light of the Holy Spirit.

It is that corruption at the bottom of our depravity, which lies at the root of every error in religion.

That there are pious hearts under Arminian heads, is too obvious to be questioned; but that an Arminian heart is evangelically pious admits a doubt.

The implantation of the principle of eternal life in the soul, is the work of God; it is a creation in Christ Jesus, so that those who experience it are new creatures. Some persons in whom God hath wrought this work, and enlightened them to discover the exceeding sinfulness of sin, their depravity and unworthiness, feel in their hearts a desire to be holy, to be Christ-like, to enjoy his pardoning love, and be devoted to his cause, and to lift up their hearts to God in prayer for his mercy; find that the Lord blesses them, and gives them the spirit of adoption, and the comfort of hope.

To be continued.

More Troubles of a Pastor.

1. *The state of the prayer-meeting troubles him.* It is his right arm, and the bone of it is broken when that meeting languishes. He takes his way toward it thoughtful and solemn. He passes numbers, and disciples are among them, but they go not with him. A few are there. How is the place solitary that was full of people! The social party is full. The scenes of gaiety and

merriment are crowded. But the meeting for prayer is swept away in the tide of worldliness. He cannot but be troubled.

2. *Fallen family altars trouble him.* He had helped rear them. Some of them rose only, by the divine blessing, on his indefatigable exertions. He hoped, and loved to believe, they would stand till death overthrew them, and united their increase with that of Heaven. But in sadness he hears it recounted that, here one and there another, has fallen—the fire has gone out—the increase rises not. Morning comes to ask recognition of divine goodness. Evening comes with a fresh claim for praise for God; but there is no prayer. That group of youthful travellers have heard the voice of prayer, and felt its moral power. But the altar is fallen. What could we say of the pastor's heart if it were not sad!

3. *Covetousness among the disciples troubles him.* He thought that degrading and hateful passion would wither and die, as its possessor came under the bright beams of the great Sun of righteousness. He hoped that the solemn public view of entire and eternal devotedness to Christ, would put the finishing stroke to this propensity, and that, in alliance with such a glorious specimen of benevolence as He who "gave himself," the vile person would be liberal and the church bountiful. He hoped that the very selfishness of the soul would all melt while the beams of so splendid an example were falling upon it. But he has had sorrowful experience of his mistake. If there has been a little melting, the frozen mass is enormous still. It impedes growth in grace—intercepts the beams of truth, and chains the soul down to earth and sense. Just so much as there is of this spirit in the church, just so much is there to mar its beauty, undermine its strength, and prevent its becoming the light of the world, and terrible as an army with banners. And the pastor cannot but be troubled.

4. *Alienations among brethren trouble him.*—He supposed that, as they had one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and had professed the closest and sweetest fellowship with one another, and ate of the same bread, and drank of the same cup, they would be one in heart. But he cannot shut his eyes to the fact, there is strife, and envy, and jealousy, and evil surmisings, and evil speaking. The seamless garment is rent. Christian fellowship is a drooping flower. This alienation breaks the phalanx of the saints, weakens the sacramental bond, encourages the assaults of Satan; and that pastor would not be fit for the name, who would not be sad in view of such a spectacle.

5. *The languor of Zion in spreading her glory through the world troubles him.* She had heard the voice of her king. "Arise, shine, for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord hath risen upon thee!" And her duty and glorious privilege it is to cause every pagan nation to exclaim, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!" But Zion rises not in her strength. Something is done; much to be glad of. But so slow and languid were her movements as to occasion the desponding cry, "When will the Saviour be known among all the nations!"

Here are some of the pastor's trials. Let the disciple know that many of them can be relieved by the exercise of their own piety, and their fervent prayers will powerfully sustain him in bearing all the rest.—*Boston Recorder.*

Duty of Anti-Slavery Christians in the Churches.

While it cannot be denied that the Baptist churches at the North, are not, as a body, occupying the right position with reference to slavery, there is reason for rejoicing in view of the certain fact that light, upon this subject, is gradually spreading,—that feeling is increasing, and that the duty of acting is becoming more and more plain and imperative. Though the churches, like a scattered fleet, whose ships are beating up into their position in the line, present no united front against this work of the enemy of souls, still we do believe that every vessel of the squadron is working into its place. We do believe that gradually,—in some cases it may be slowly,—but as certainly as God's truth has God's power on its side, the churches which have been planted by Christ, will place themselves where duty calls them. Alas for the laggards in the race.

As the influence of anti-slavery feeling spreads itself abroad, it passes from church to church, affecting one and another of their members, causing prayer for the slave, and an inquiry of the Lord what he would have done in the cause. This inquiry is often the cause of much perplexity, to the anti-slavery Christian. He sees his church, perhaps, asleep upon the matter; possibly even worse, prejudiced against the whole anti-slavery movement, and steered against all feeling upon the subject. What shall he do? Shall he withdraw from the church and go to swell the number of the come-outers? Or shall he publicly introduce the subject into the church, and call for immediate action, let the result be what it may? Whatever others may say, we say, do neither of these things. Never despair in the cause of God. Lose not an influence in the church which might be exerted for good, by joining the ranks of her enemies. Introduce not discord and confusion, perhaps schism, into your church, by endeavoring to force her in a path in which she is unprepared to move. God forbids that any course we have mentioned, should be taken under almost any possible circumstances. No, despair not, but work, not in the whirlwind, the earthquake, or the fire, but with the still small voice. From house to house, as occasion offers, shed light upon the subject by conversation and by the circulation of the *Reflector*, or any thing else which will as firmly and as kindly proclaim the truth. Seek to increase feeling, not by impetuous and officious effort, but by quiet and kindly endeavor. Thus strive to enlighten the understanding and affect the heart. In the prayer meeting, lead the devotional feelings of your brethren frequently up to God

in supplication for the enslaved, and others will soon follow your example. If once a Christian begins to pray for the oppressed, he will not long remain easy without laboring for them. Thus act, quietly, kindly, firmly, and you will set at work a spirit, which will not be at rest till the whole body is prepared to take a decided stand upon the side of justice and humanity. Sooner or later the work will be done. Zeal and discretion will, unitedly, accomplish all that is required.

We anticipate the time, when the slaveholder shall look with fear upon every new church organized at the North, as another frigate launched on the troubled waters. Upon every new minister ordained, as another preacher of repentance for the national sin. Upon every revival, as bringing in another host of enemies to their institution, as increasing the volume of that cloud of prayer which already, day by day, ascends to Him who requires of us to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.

Dr. Baldwin's Expedition for Reclaiming a Heretic.

In the early part of this century, there was an Association consisting of churches on both sides of Connecticut river, in the States of Vermont and New Hampshire. One of the ablest and most highly esteemed ministers of this body became infected with notions that were regarded as noxious Arminian, and at a meeting of the Association a Committee was appointed to "labor with him," and endeavor to recover him from his incipient apostasy. The Committee did their utmost to convince him of his errors, and bring him back to the platform of Christian truth; but all in vain. He remained incorrigible, and at the next session the result was faithfully reported. The Association, though determined not to tolerate heresy, yet were unwilling to cast away a brother whom they loved, and, remembering the rule of the apostle—"A man that is an heretic, after the first and second admonition, reject"—resolved to make another effort to reclaim him.

The matter was prosecuted another year, and a report made, similar in purport to the first. The minister was unyielding in his denial of what his brethren termed "the doctrine of grace," and strenuously maintained, as many have done, that the sinner must exercise saving faith before the Holy Spirit could be consistently granted to regenerate his nature. The church of which he was the pastor, sympathized in his views, and refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the body before which he stood arraigned. The Association, however, persisted in the right to call him to account, and, after a lengthened discussion, were about to come to a decision condemnatory of his "Heresy and contumacy."

Dr. Baldwin was present as a messenger from the Warren Association, and, though he took no part in the debate, yet looked on with deep and painful interest. Just as the question was to be put by the Moderator, he arose and requested that the brother on trial might be invited to "tell his experience." The suggestion was favorably received, and the invitation given was readily accepted. The minister proceeded, with great minuteness, to relate the manner in which he was brought to embrace the truth, describing the circumstances of his "awakening," the pungency of his convictions, and the opposition which he made at every step of the process, to the claims of God, the demands of the gospel, and the strivings of the Spirit. When he came to the point where he must represent the great change that took place in his feelings and the new views that he had of the Divine character, and of the plan of salvation, his voice grew tremulous, the tears started down his cheeks, and he was soon so overcome with emotion as to be unable to proceed. Stretching out both hands, and sobbing aloud, he exclaimed, "Brethren, I am wrong, I am wrong! It was all of grace, grace, grace! O forgive me—pray for me!"

The whole audience was melted. The trial was at an end. That minister never again sinned a hair's breadth from the truth, and many years since he was taken to his rest and reward.—*Christian Watchman.*

A Great Discovery.

In D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, we have a great graphic account of the discovery which Luther made of the Bible, at the time when Providence was preparing him to be the grand instrument of a resurrection of the religion of the Bible. He had been two years at the University of Erfurth, and was twenty years of age. One day he was opening the books in the library, one after another, in order to read the names of the authors. One, which he opened in its turn, drew his attention: He had not seen any thing like it, till that hour. He reads the title; it is a Bible, a rare book, unknown at that time. His interest is strongly excited. He is filled with astonishment at finding more in that volume than those fragments of the Gospels and Epistles which the Church has selected to be read to the people, in their places of worship. Till then he thought that they were the whole word of God; and here were many pages and many books, of which he had no idea. His heart beats, as he holds in his hand all the Scriptures, divinely inspired. With eagerness and indescribable feelings he turns over the leaves of God's word. He returns home with a full heart. Oh, thought he, if God would give me such a book for my own! He soon returned to the library to find his treasure again; he read and re-read, and then in his surprise and joy he went back to read again. The first gleams of a new truth then arose upon his mind.

This event had a sublimity in it, because that the impulse which the discovery gave to Luther's mind was to be communicated to the millions of other minds; because the whole Reformation lay hid in that Bible. This book, on the unknown shelves of a dark room, was through his mind, to become the book of life to nations. It had now fallen into the hands of its translator, who was about to give it tongues to speak to all Europe.

ous, and you have never had it, it is dangerous for you to have been happy to tell you that the physician consider your sister's case as at the crisis of the fever having at and that favorably; it is thought to recover. Mary said she was loved sister was sick, but was glad to accompany her father, and she through disappointments were hard time, they in many cases turned SARAH.

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Poetry.

The Churches of our Land.

BY MARY ANNE BROWN.

They lie in valleys buried deep,
They stand the barren hills;
They're mirrored where proud rivers sweep
And by the lumber mills,
A blessing on each lonely lane,
Wherever they may stand,
With open door, for rich and poor,
The churches of our land.

Ye boast of England's palaces,
Her cities and her towers;
Of mansions, where her sons at ease
Dwell 'midst her greenwood bowers;
But a deeper sense of reverence
God's temple shall command,
While knee shall bend, and prayer ascend,
In the churches of our land.

Oh! pleasant are the pealing bells,
Heard at the Sabbath time,
Calling to prayer from hill and dells,
With their melodious chime;
And glorious is the sacred song,
Swelled by a fervent band,
When the organ note doth proudly float
Through the churches of our land.

Talk not of England's 'wooden walls,'
Her better strength is here;
Here trust the spirit falls,
Subduing doubt and fear;
Here her brave sons have gathered power,
Nerving each heart and hand;
Most fearless prove those who best love
The churches of our land.

They stand, the guardians of the faith,
For which our fathers died;
God keeps those temples still from sear,
Our blessing and our pride;
Our energies, our deeds, our prayers,
All these should they command,
That never for may lay them low,
The churches of our land!

Miscellaneous.

Captain Elliott's Conversion.

[The following is from Captain Elliott's speech at the late annual meeting of the American Seaman's Friend Society.]

A request has been handed me to relate the story of my conversion. I will do it as briefly as I may. My father's house was a hotel of religion, and my education was the best that piety could have bestowed. Early in life I went to sea, and was converted on a voyage from Matanzas, when I was far gone in practical infidelity and sin. It was on this wise. I had a job over the bows, and being somewhat particular about the work, I concluded to do it myself. There was a high sea rolling, but I had the job hauled down, and over the bows I got. There I had worked for some ten minutes, sawing under two thick ropes, when suddenly I cast my eyes upwards at the rope. "My God," I exclaimed, "I have been hanging by an old yarn that would not hold an infant." My hair stood erect. I jumped on deck, and laughed away the fright. I was that night out at the first watch, and while walking the deck, the thought flashed upon my mind, "If the rope yarn had broken, where should you have been?" and I answered aloud, "In hell, to all intents and purposes." I dropped instantly upon my knees and cried aloud for mercy. For seven days my condition was truly awful. The captain thought I was crazy. I was praying every opportunity I could find, but found no rest. My old Bible, that had long lain on the bottom of my chest, was now drawn forth and read with intense interest. At length, one day while lying upon a yard-arm, and thinking my case hopeless, I thought me to try again. I poured out my soul to God in the most urgent entreaties for grace to help. "Help now, Lord, or I perish." And God answered the petition. I descended to the deck a new man in Christ Jesus, and the happiness of that moment has never departed from me unto this hour. Assist then, I pray of you, the sailor, with your prayers, your influence, your labor, and all you can spare of worldly goods, and at the last you shall hear the welcome words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of my servants, ye did it unto me."

From the Journal of Commerce.

Progress of Christianity.

When it is recollected, that thirty years ago, it was with great difficulty that the first American missionaries could be permitted, by the local authorities, to preach the gospel or to give any instruction in India, the present wide openings for usefulness throughout the Eastern world, must be truly cheering to the philanthropist. A few days since, it was stated in the public journals, on the authority of the bishop of Madras, that ninety-six villages in the province of Tinnevelly had very recently abolished their idols, and earnestly requested to be received under Christian instruction; and other indications were noticed, that such events were likely to become common in India. In corroboration of these cheering anticipations, are the following remarks of a returned missionary at a recent extra meeting of the London Missionary Society:—"There is no country so open to the labors of the Christian Church as Continental India. England is not nearly so much at the disposal of the Christian minister, to preach the gospel where he pleases, as is Continental India. I never entered a village of the Mysore country, or even an obscure hamlet, at which I could not at any time get up in the street, or stand against one of the temples, and find no other obstruction than the argument of a petulant Brahmin, to proclaiming as long as I pleased the truth of God. My station was sixty-one miles from any European residence. We were among the people without any protection or defence; and where, if they had been disposed, they might at any time have interfered with or suspended our missionary labors. If 20,000 British missionaries could be found, and transferred to India, they might at once obtain large and attentive congregations, and not a man amongst them who had ever heard the gospel before."

There is an immense amount of Christian feeling to be elicited and faith to be exercised, with reference to India. It must be remembered, that the conversion of a man of British India, is a very different thing from the conversion of a man in the South Seas. In the one case, you approach the shore, and you snatch a particle of sand; in the other, you wrench a rock from its foundation, and agitate the country. In the one case, you open the prison to some solitary and

miserable captive; but in the other, by the power of God, you sever a link in the chain that binds unnumbered thousands. We must expect great things. If every missionary in Continental India were to pass before you, and to utter one sentiment, it would be, "Brethren, pray for us." When a missionary is engaged in his toils, when called upon to sustain bereavement and sickness, when he finds that the heathen are obdurate, and the work seems to drag on its way, he must have something beyond high conceptions of the office he sustains to support his mind; under such circumstances he feels the advantage of sympathizing prayer.

The Root of all Evil.

The love of money is regarded by foreigners as one of the most prevalent characteristics of our countrymen. The following instance of its operation appears to us so striking as indicating the strength of the passion that we cannot forbear to give it a passing notice. Mr. Kendall was a man of wealth and advanced in years, and enjoyed a reputation for honesty. Yet without any plea of necessity he yielded to temptation under circumstances that render his guilt of the most aggravated character.

Is the sin of avarice sufficiently explained and denounced by ministers of the gospel? Is not too great leniency observed regarding that which is the most prevalent and the most pernicious evil among professors of religion?—*Baptist Advocate.*

A few days ago, Lyman Kendall, a wealthy merchant of Ohio, and afterward a money broker, was convicted of embezzling large sums of money of the Bank of Cleveland, and sentenced to three years in the Penitentiary.

The Cincinnati Chronicle says that Mr. Kendall was one of the directors of the bank and one of a committee to destroy a large quantity of its redeemed circulation, about two years ago. His honesty to that day had not been suspected, and during a part of the burning of the notes he was left alone. Another member of the committee, on returning to the room, observed that the bills, which were in \$1,000 packages, "had disappeared very fast." "Yes," says Mr. Kendall, "they burn finely; I have just put in another bundle."

Soon after, the credit of the bank began to fail, and Mr. Kendall presented a package of \$1,000 at the counter for redemption. The teller who made up the bundles for burning had a private mark on the bills, and immediately recognized them. He put off Kendall for a while, informed the directors, who examined him in private, and then the whole matter was confessed.

Kendall is an old man, and had the confidence of his business connections, though known to be of a miserly spirit. Had the bank held on in good credit, he might have disposed of the money without detection. In winding up the affairs of the institution the assigned find more money in circulation than the books exhibit, and it is surmised that the amount secreted by Kendall must have been larger than is yet known.—*Boston Post.*

The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, M. P.

Thomas Babington Macaulay is the son of Zachary Macaulay, well known as the friend of Wilberforce, and, though himself an African merchant, one of the most ardent abolitionists of slavery. In 1818, T. B. Macaulay became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1822. He distinguished himself as a student, having obtained a scholarship, twice gained the Chancellor's medal for English verse, and also gained the second Craven Scholarship, the highest honor to classic which the University confers. Owing to his dislike of mathematics, he did not compete for honors at graduation, but nevertheless he obtained a fellowship at the October competition open to graduates of Trinity, which he appears to have resigned before his subsequent departure for India. He devoted much of his time to the "Union" Debating Society, where he was reckoned an eloquent speaker.

Mr. Macaulay studied at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1823. In the same year, his "Essay on Milton" appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*; and out of Lord (then Mr.) Jeffrey's administration of that paper, arose an intimate friendship. Macaulay visiting Scotland soon afterwards, went to circuit with Mr. Jeffrey. His connection with the *Edinburgh Review* has continued at intervals ever since.

By the Whig Administration Mr. Macaulay was appointed Commissioner of Bankrupts. He commenced his parliamentary career about the same period, as member for Colne, in the reform parliament of 1832, and again for Leeds in 1834, at which time, he was Secretary to the India Board. His seat was, however, soon relinquished, for in the same year he was appointed member of the Supreme Council in Calcutta, under the East India Company's new charter.

Arriving in Calcutta in September in 1834, Mr. Macaulay shortly assumed an important trust, in addition to his seat at the Council. At the request of the Governor General, Lord William Bentinck, he became President of the commission of five, appointed to frame a penal code for India; and the principal provisions of this code have been attributed to him. One of the enactments, in particular, was so unpopular among the English inhabitants, as to receive the appellation of the "Black Act." It abolished the right of appeal from the local courts to the supreme court at the presidency, hitherto exclusively enjoyed by Europeans, and put them on the same footing with natives, giving to both an equal right of appeal to the highest provincial courts. Inconvenience and delay of justice had been caused by the original practice, even when India was closed against Europeans in general, but such practice was obviously incompatible with the rights and property of the natives under the new system of opening the country to general resort. This measure of equal justice, however, exposed Mr. Macaulay, to whom it was universally attributed, to outrageous personal attacks in letters, pamphlets, and at public meetings.

The various reforms and changes instituted by Lord W. Bentinck and Lord Auckland, were advocated in general by Mr. Macaulay. He returned to England in 1838.

Mr. Macaulay was elected member for Edinburgh on the liberal interest in 1839; and being appointed Secretary at War, he was re-elected

the following year, and again at the general election in 1841. No review of his political career is here intended; although, in relation to literature, it should be mentioned that he opposed Mr. Sergeant Talford's copy-right bill, and was the principal agent in defeating it. As a public speaker, he usually displays extensive information, close reasoning, and eloquence; and has recently bid fair to rival the greatest name among our English orators. His conversation in private is equally brilliant and instructive.

Mr. Macaulay may fairly be regarded as the first critical and historical essayist of the time. It is not meant to be inferred that there are not other writers who display as much understanding and research, as great, perhaps greater capacity of appreciating excellence, as much acuteness and humor, and a more subtle power of executing, or of measuring, the efforts of the intellect and the imagination, besides possessing an equal mastery of language in their own peculiar style; but there is no other writer who combines so large an amount of all those qualities, with the addition of a mastery of style, at once highly classical and most extensively popular. His style is classical, because it is correct; and is popular, because it must be intelligible without effort to every educated understanding.—*Horne's New Spirit of the Age.*

From the Journal of Commerce.

Seneca Lake.

This is a wonderful sheet of water, and your correspondent "Knickerbocker" does well in noticing it. The Lake does not freeze, because of its great depth. Within twenty feet of the shore in one part of this lake, the depth of water is 400 feet; and there are other parts of it where the depth is 600 feet, which is, I think, the deepest. Persons living in the neighborhood of deep waters, are apt to entertain opinions that such waters are fathomless. I recently examined a pond on Long Island which was said to be both fathomless and bottomless, but I found bottom in the deepest part which I examined, in fifty-five feet; and I cruised over every part of it. A depth of 400 feet in Seneca Lake, within 20 feet of the shore, would give a perpendicular precipice of extraordinary magnitude. Bottles have been sunk in that lake with stoppers made of pine wood (having a swell so great at the top, as to prevent their being pressed in,) and in these cases the bottles were found half filled with water, which was forced in by the great pressure, through the pores of the wood. Water fully saturated with salt, and fresh water will remain in connexion without much intermixing; the salt water in obedience to the laws of gravity, retaining the lowest place. This is illustrated where the heaviest fluid is highly colored, and the lightest remains transparent. I examined an engine boiler at Coburg on the north shore of Lake Ontario, where concretions were formed which had the appearance and taste of salt, and some specimens which I brought home, have on exposure, deliquesced. At Lockport, near Genoa and Seneca Lake, at the depth of 330 feet, water weighing 11 lbs. to the gallon is obtained, in which during the passage from this depth to the surface, beautiful crystals of sulphate of lime are formed, which are perfectly transparent. At Montezuma, not very far from Geneva and Lake Seneca, a well 604 feet deep was sunk, in which water was obtained weighing also eleven pounds to the gallon. I have a bottle of water from each of these wells. That of Montezuma, on being mixed with a little diluted sulphuric acid, becomes instantly opaque and solid. The periodical rising of the Lake can only be determined by a lakeometer, and recorded observations for a series of years. Lake Sodom at Madrius, is more wonderful than Seneca; for it is deeper than its length upon the surface, and is shaped like the inside of a funnel. The water has a yellow green appearance while reposing in the Lake. E. M.

Newspapers.

The charms of newspaper reading to the intelligent citizen farmer, who values the instruction of himself and his family, constitute the relish of the week, and furnish abundance of profitable reflection and conversation. If he is a patriot, he cannot be insensible to the welfare of his country. If he is a philanthropist, he feels a concern for his fellow men, however distant. If he is a father, he loses no opportunity to instruct his children; and cannot but view "the passing tidings of the times" as a most essential part of their education. Though he may be distant from the metropolis, though secluded from society, he can know all that is necessary to be known of the pomp and bustle of city life.

By a close attention to the diversified columns of newspapers we are enabled to "catch the manners living as they rise." All may find instruction, amusement, or interest, from the hoary sage to the lisping school boy.

Every subscriber to a newspaper or other periodical work should carefully preserve them in regular files for the benefit of his posterity. After the lapse of forty or fifty years, to look over these, and examine the important occurrences of former days, will give a clearer view than can be found in any history.

It is erroneous to suppose that newspapers are less valuable during peace than in times of war. It is true those who delight in recitals of bloody scenes, ruined towns, will find less to gratify that barbarous appetite; but all who wish for improvement or delight in sentiment will find an increased value from the attention paid to science, arts, agriculture, history, biography, morality, religion, the state of the country, and especially the Church of God.

Obituary of Julia S. Wightman.

DIED in Norwich, on the 23d ult., JULIA S., daughter of Jesse and Mercy Wightman, aged 14 years.

Although the deceased was cut off in the morning of life, just as her youthful mind began to expand for future usefulness, yet by the amiable character of her disposition, and by her happy death, she has left to her friends and relatives a rich legacy which is far better than precious ointment. Her sickness was short and painful, but was endured to the last with Christian fortitude and resignation. No doubt is entertained by those who knew her best, that she has entered into possession of that "better land," "that rest which remaineth to the people of God." In her life, sufferings and

death, were exemplified in a very clear and striking manner, the principles, power and excellence of the religion of Jesus Christ. She had been a professor for five years, and a member of the First Baptist church in Groton. While she lived, she exhibited by her life, the whole assemblage of christian virtues. She was pious, and her piety was of that quiet, unobtrusive kind, which fitted her pre-eminently to bear up under all the pains which she was subject to, during her sickness. Her life was short, but it answered life's great end; for in it, by the constant practice of virtue, she prepared herself, thus early, to enter upon that rest which is in reserve for all them that fear God, and keep his commandments.

She was engaged as an assistant in teaching with her sister in Norwich since last spring, till she was taken sick about three weeks before her death. Possessed as she was with many qualifications which bid fair for usefulness, and led her friends to expect much from her, yet God saw fit at this early period, to take her to himself, where she can more fully glorify Him than she could on earth. While her friends deeply mourn her loss, still "they mourn not as those without hope;" for "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." She was deeply interested in the Sabbath school, and often spoke of her teacher and classmates with much interest. When too weak to speak aloud, her last words were in a whisper, "the Sabbath school." Her exit from life was serene,—no cloud arose to darken her prospects of immortality,—no desponding fears of the sufficiency of God's grace, but with a firm and unflinching step, she trod the gloomy maze, trusting solely to a Saviour's promise.

In the commencement of her sickness she did not enjoy that peace of mind which she said, was her privilege, and which she desired to enjoy; still she was not destitute of a hope in the Saviour. During the first stages of her sickness, religious conversation and prayer seemed to be her delight. A friend visited her nearly every day during her illness, for the purpose of conversation and prayer, in which she was deeply interested. Whenever her friend was about to leave her, she would always ask him to come again the next day to converse and pray with her. In all her sickness, religious conversation was her theme; she did not want to converse upon any other subject. About a week before her death, an intimate friend of hers wrote to her. Her sister, after informing her of the fact, asked her if she should read it to her. She inquired, "Is there anything about Jesus in it? if not, I do not care about hearing it." Upon one occasion, as her friend was about to pray with her, he asked her what she most desired; said she, "faith in God." At another time, while conversing with her during the first week of her sickness, he asked her if she was willing to give up all into the hands of God and say, "Thy will be done?" she replied, "I am almost afraid to say so, for if I do, I may have to be a missionary." From what she has said during her sickness, it is clear that she has been struggling about becoming a missionary to the poor benighted heathen. She soon, however, became reconciled to this, and exclaimed, "Lord, let thy will be done."—May the youth who read this notice, remember that they only die happy, "who live godly in Christ Jesus."

Her remains were carried to her parents in Groton, and from there to the meeting-house, where the pastor, Rev. Mr. Miner, preached a short sermon from these words, "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." After which she was carried to the grave-yard, a few rods from the house, where she was deposited at a short distance from her grandfather, Elder John G. Wightman, who proclaimed the gospel for forty years to that people.

Sincerely do we sympathize with the bereaved parents, brothers and sisters, and all the circle of relatives, and trust that their minds will be comforted by the many assurances she gave them of her willingness and readiness to die and go home to her heavenly Father. T. Norwich, Conn.

"Sister in Christ, farewell! Death's icy touch Hath chilled the genial current of thy life. Thus far doth sin permit the terroring To sway his sceptre o'er our sinning race. Thus and no farther;—here the monster dies, Thus and no farther;—here the monster dies, To slay him deemed by Mediatorial blood, To slay him deemed by Mediatorial blood, To slay him deemed by Mediatorial blood. 'Twas wise in thee, my friend, to make thy choice Of Him who conquered death, and o'er the grave Triumphed; and won for souls eternal life. What though abrupt thy summons to depart? The trimmed and burning lamp of faith was nigh To shed its brightness o'er the shadowy vale. Now hast thou joined that glorious company, The 'dead in Christ';—what gain it is to die With the credentials of eternal life. Eternal life! eternal holy life! The fitting gift of God, whose name is Love. Once more, farewell! O Christian friend, farewell. May we, who some few moments tarry yet, Prepare our souls to re-unite with friends Whose endless life is hid with Christ in God."

GOD AND MAN.—The motive power of the cat-act of Niagara exceeds by nearly forty-fold all the mechanical force of water and steam power rendered available in Great Britain, for the purpose of imparting motion to the machinery that suffices to perform the manufacturing labors for a large portion of the inhabitants of the world; including also the power applied for transporting those products by steamboats and steam-cars, and their steamships of war, to the remotest seas.—Indeed it appears probable that the law of gravity, as established by the Creator, puts forth, in this single waterfall, more intense and effective energy than is necessary to move all the artificial machinery of the habitable globe. Yet at Niagara, the river does not fall more than one hundred and forty feet. Be it recollected, however, that it is here a quarter of a mile wide, and deep enough, both above and below the fall, to float a frigate. "All thy works praise thee, O Lord." They show the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power."—*Silliman's American Journal of Science.*

Every where spoken against.

We notice that the editor of the "New York Prophet" claims for the Mormons the honor of a similitude to the primitive christians, because they are a "sect every where spoken against." We have heard similar claims from the followers of Mr. Miller. They also are a "sect every where spoken against." We have sometimes heard Baptists put forth a similar claim. They, it

is said, are a "sect every where spoken against." Now it would be well for all who are disposed to make this claim, to remember one thing, and that is, that we have no proof that primitive christians ever made this claim in behalf of themselves.—The remark recorded Acts 28: 22, was made, not by Christians, but by unbelieving Jews.—*Zion's Advocate.*

LINES

Written on the death of Alfred Lawrence, only son of Alfred and Mary C. Hart, who died in Norwich Aug. 3d, 1844, aged 1 year.

BY THE BEREAVED FATHER.

Love's sojourner for a day,
On this dull, dark sphere;
In thy beauty call'd away,
Never more to fear;

Thy pure soul hath taken its flight
To the realms of endless light.

Nature bids the tear-drop start
For the dear one dead;
Keenest anguish wrung the heart
When thy spirit fled;

In thy lisping, prattling voice,
Never more may we rejoice.

Noble brow, and beaming eye,
Promise gave of future fame;
Little deem'd we that's so nigh
Death should quench life's transient flame,

And our hopes for thee, so brief,
Perish like the autumn leaf.

Every spot where thou hast play'd,
Sporting in thine infant glee,
Hath association made
In the hearts that mourn for thee

With our boy, upon whose face
Beauty sat, and joy, and grace.

Happy child! why should we sorrow
That the grave hath claim'd thy dust?
There shall come a glorious morn,
When she shall resign her trust,
And the ties that death may sever
Part, no more true hearts forever.

O, the thought that when these chains
Which now fetter us to earth—
When the soul's right regains
From that God who gave it birth;

Then, join'd above, within the spiritland,
Our boy will greet amid the cherub band.

ELIHU BURRITT has a better fancy of a steamhorse than we remember to have met elsewhere before. This is his way of describing him:

"I love to see one of these huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, falls back into his harness. There he stands, clamping and foaming upon the iron track, his great heart a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins, the strength of a thousand horses is serving his sinews—he pants to be gone. He would 'snake' St. Peter's across the Desert of Sahara, if he could be fairly hitched to it, but there is a little sober-eyed man in the saddle, who holds him with one finger, and can take his breath in a moment, should he grow restive and vicious. I am always deeply interested in this man; for, begrimed as he may be with coal dust and oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery, as the physical mind of that huge steamhorse."

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Salmon.

Smoked and Pickled Salmon, new received and for sale at the Cash and Exchange Store for the People. 3w3d L. D. FOWER.

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TERMS

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For the Christian Secretary
The Monthly Concert.—

I am aware that my caption subject which has so frequently been newspaper paragraph, or a conference it has become somewhat hackneyed; and it is likely that some of the Secretary will pass over it a while others, after giving it a thought, will experience a sad disappointment find in it little or nothing strange.

I will not now dwell upon the utility of this institution, though grieved that the one so little felt and the other so imperfectly understood, I will advert to the circumstance, though they are admirably calculated, the zeal and efforts of Baptists in the universal extension of the kingdom, has pained many a pastor if he possessed but a little of the "How can the concert be made interesting?" I am not vain enough that I can shed much light upon this often elicited some of the best good men; but if I shall chance a few just observations, or practical all the reader can expect from me, I would remark

1. The pastor must possess the mission. Indeed the pastor who does not feel in some good degree, will not feel in the solution of the question we are to solve. He may appoint the concert, perhaps punctually, attend it himself, his whole heart is in the work, mere formal service, calculated to excite any interest on the subject. I have thought that the condition of a Concert might in general be considered pretty nearly the degree of missionary spirit possessed by the pastor. A man in any considerable measure for his work, he will inevitably improve his own image upon his people, but little sympathy with the great world's salvation, his people will not advance of him. So if he is deficient with the spirit of missions, he will be a concert, and it will be sustained some degree of interest. I know, feels the deepest interest in our time, be found exerting himself diligently and increase the sympathy for the darkness. He will the most anxious. "How the concert can be made interesting," while it is a fact that he may fail to call forth the interest he desires to witness; but the doubt that an advance in feeling may be the result of his labors, though it is short of the increase of the mission in his own heart.

2. We remark, the Monthly Concert, interesting, must be established. By something more than pretending to mean something different from what it seems to be convenient. The way it is observed in some places there is no other meeting—no singing nothing else to occupy the time and the people, the monthly concert is. But few attend, and they do not expect. Perhaps most of them are at close, especially if the meeting is not passing the contribution box. To establish the concert, it should be understood by the church and congregation, and be attended every month, at the same place, unless the providence absolutely prevents. No circumstance interest in the church or society, should interfere with its observance, should it be suspended even in the most intense state of religious excitement, were that some have supposed that of the concert would tend to divert Christians, and others, from the great concern of the soul's salvation. At such persons have yet to learn the nature and spirit of the religion, the monthly concert is the birth for souls to be converted. It is the genius of christianity presides, violent, diffusive principles are exhibited, there are victories of faith—the conquest. Then let the concert be established, become the birth-place of souls, let us make working christians, identified with the Saviour in the saving lost men, and the monthly ways be interesting to them.